Pronounced in Council his Difference,

RIVALS.

A

POEM.

Occasion'd by Tom Punsibi, Metamorphos'd, &c.

EN who are out, hate those in play,

A case which happens ev'ry day;
Tis worse to lose that very Place
Another fills, and that's our case. The Dean, who Realms of Wit commands, Like most wise Monarchs changes hands. Mongst all his Subjects picks and chuses His Ministers, as each of use is. And as he smiles, or frowns, his Features Are Joy or Grief, to all his Creatures. I—I would feign at Court appear, For what he loves abroad, good Cheer. The Dean in frolick wou'd receive him, And what he came for freely gave him. He let him fit with Men of Letters, And prate sometimes before his Betters; Wou'd fuffer him from Three to Six, At proper Times, to shew his Tricks. Wou'd over-bear his Point of War (Of all his Tricks the best by far) Bestow'd him many a Joke and Quibble, At length he licens'd him to Scribble. And in his Works, to lend him Fame, Here us'd his Wit, and there his Phlegm. Vain of these Plumes, he knew, were borrow'd, The giddy Soul grew wond'rous forward. Libell'd the Dean, and fo repaid What in his Service he had made. And prone of old to factious Courses, Now Levy's, Independent Forces. With Arms, not His, he issues forth, Declares for Empire in the North; There utters in Imperial Strain, Wit, which he pilfer'd from the Dean. The Dean, his Court and Hands to clear, Of this poor upstart Mutineer,

Pronounc'd in Council his Difgrace, And Tom the Punster begg'd his Place. And hence arose a furious scold, 'Twixt the new Favo'rite and the old. The War broke out, in Words and Looks, Then grew the Battle of the Books. But those who knew these Weapons, cry'd, There's no great Odds on either Side. And as old Heroes in the Field, Wou'd change their Helmet, Sword, and Shield; And then fall to, to cause Difasters, And make Mens Arms annoy their Masters. Just so these Wits each other gore With Books, which hurt them both, before Books have a knack 'bove other things To wound, altho' they have no Stings. For They their Writers, some alledge, Hurt more, for want of Point or Edge. I-l'in Wrath and his worst Gown, March'd flow, with his whole Wife, to Town; It happen'd both were near their Times, She big with Child, and He with Rhymes; For he begets a various Brood, and and and only 11. Both Boys and Verse, in heat of Blood. So have I feen a Bramble bendy to the state of the state And hide in Earth its upper end. O a land the action A Which taking root, it could not fail, At once to sprout at Head and Tail. 2010000 all the form said TOM, tho' he little feard the Matter, and a side of the same of Was rudely us'd by T-l's Satyr; . I du wat dates and initial aid And as he follow, or frown, his But bearing up at all Adventures, Was no more hurt than—the Diffenters.

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Z --- I would folgo at Court appears,

For what he down abroad, good Clock The Dean in holick would recoive him. And what he came for freely gave him.

And trong of old sy fictions Courles.

While Arms, not I d. he inues forth, sectors for the cyte the Newth;

was I sale man thinker out daline salv

The Pean, his Copie and Canda to chare

Now havy's Underchene Lerces.

There meers in theprial account



L'onmono. L

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